

THE Johnson Journal



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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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EDITORIAL

GREETINGS

Christmas with its holly and candles is just around the corner. The "Season of Good Cheer," it is often called, and not without reason. Centuries ago wandering minstrels roamed the country side through the snow-clad nights and were the original forerunners of cheer. Time has stamped out these minstrels, but not their spirit. Today in their place we find ourselves. It remains for us to spread cheer wherever we may wander. Whether it be to the Sunny South or the West or to the hills of old New England, we can and must be the bearers of good wishes. The season is far too short to do anything but smile. It may be just another Christmas at home, or it may be your last. In either case it is one well worthy of making memorable, standing out above all others and becoming a time-mark at which you may look back over the years with pleasure. There isn't enough time to worry at any moment and above all not at Christmas. A smile, a handshake and a word of welcome are the keys to a successful vacation. Arrive in the best of humor and you will leave in the same manner.

Samuel Laurenza, '48

SCHOOL DANCES

We should have more activities at Johnson High School. At present all we have are dances and sports. The dances are known to all the surrounding high schools as failures.

A juke box is set up on the stage, a few pieces of colored crepe paper

are draped about the hall, and there you have it, "Go to it and dance." Although the girls come to a dance to dance, seemingly the boys just come to stand around in groups to talk. Only a few people are able to enjoy themselves. The majority go home saying, "I'll never go to another school dance."

Our dances should be more fun for everyone. We should plan our dances months in advance, plan entertainment, novelty dances, and have games that would break up the groups into one big friendly crowd. This would make our dances successful.

Kathleen Roche, '46

SCHOOL NEEDS

There are many things our school lacks. One of them is unity among the pupils. Most of them form small groups and these groups of boys or girls keep to themselves and won't associate with any of the other pupils. This is all right outside of school, but in school there should be more cooperation among the boys and girls. Each year there is one group that seems to try to run every dance or activity. This should be eliminated. One way to do this is to set up school clubs and have more dances and parties.

Another thing our school needs is more and better dances. As it is now, we have the same dances year in and year out. If we were to have variety dances and square dances, we would get a bigger crowd. Every year the dances are the same all through the

year and if you go to one of them you have gone to them all. They never seem to change.

This school needs many things, but these are two that stand out, so come on, kids, and try for better dances and more unity. Priscilla Bredbury, '46

IS JAZZ DEAD?

A music lover nowadays finds it nearly impossible to pick up the latest swing sheet without some wiseacre telling about the dead era of jazz. People who believe jazz dead are entitled to their opinions, but before reaching a decision let me present my side of the case.

I will admit that jazz was severely hurt by the recent deaths of such greats as Rod Cless, Jimmy Noone and Bunny Berigan. Bunny's loss was the worst, as he was by far the nation's top trumpeter, in spite of attempts at commercializing a name to fame. (Harry James, go blow your horn; we jazz lovers hear you and it sounds like corn.)

This dwindling stock of old timers has been replaced by such stellar newcomers as Eddie Heywood and return of men like Art Hodeo, Max Kaminsky and the great Kid Ory.

We've made jazz reach out to millions through re-recordings by King Oliver, Jess Stacy, "Bix" and Les Young. Night clubs have hired small jazz combos and they are going over to such a large extent that Eddie Condon and his magical guitar play to thousands in such choice spots as Carnegie Hall and Boston's Symphony Hall. Eddie gives a full length concert at these halls and lucky are those who manage to secure tickets.

An even greater stimulant to jazz lovers will be the return of such foreign stars as Django Rheindhart, and America's ability to spread good will through the medium of jazz.

Jazz is like an oration from Cicero,

or a passage from Shakespeare; it is not music, but a form of expression! I rest my case. Don Kimel, '46

FRESHMEN, TAKE A BOW

Much has been said in other issues of the *Journal* concerning school spirit. I think that our new crop of freshmen can put most of us to shame. Did you notice the fine turn-out of freshmen at Stunt Night? Their fine stunt would be a credit to any class. It took a lot of courage to get up before the upper-classmen for the first time and put on a stunt. A special amount of fortitude was needed to dance with the seniors, and I saw several.

Much of this success was due to the splendid cooperation on the part of the freshmen with dancing instructors. If we upper-classmen follow the example of the freshmen, a fine school year will result.

Norman T. Campbell, '46

CO-OPERATION

Mr. Webster says that co-operation is working together to produce the same effect. Well, that is exactly what my theme is about. This characteristic is lacking in the majority of students at Johnson High School.

Recently I attended a meeting where an entire class was called to assemble. The question was placed before them, and like a bunch of "magpies" they all started grumbling and moaning amongst themselves.

After much boisterous yelling, the president calmed them down, and a suggestive student arose to stress her opinion. Before she could even finish her statements, everyone, well, practically everyone, was interrupting her and voicing their disagreement. And so she sat down.

When the president asked for other opinions they all began the same humdrum of voices. Soon one of the fel-

lows courageously stood up—and I mean courageously—for it took all of that to get up and talk above that bunch of wild Indians. You can rightfully guess that we accomplished nothing at this meeting.

This is where co-operation comes in. The students here do not make any attempt to try and carry out a class meeting successfully, and in a business-like manner. Certainly as seniors they know what is meant by the mentioned word.

We are about to go into the world to shift for ourselves, and co-operation will be a requirement in any phase of life and it will be expected from each individual.

It is not, therefore, enough to know the meaning of the word co-operation; we *must* contribute our share in order to be good citizens.

Alfred McKee, '46

ENGLISH IN HIGH SCHOOLS

"Ain't you goin'?"

"Nah, I don't think so, gotta stay home."

That is a typical conversation between two high school students that is heard every day.

To us, "Ain't" and "Gotta" are just a part of our vocabulary which I must admit is limited. They sound perfectly all right to us, but to others who hear us, it sounds deplorable. Our parents shudder when they overhear us in one of our conversations, which is not only full of "ain'ts" and "gotta's", but which has a good sprinkling of current jive talk, too. They begin to wonder what kind of English and how much is taught in the high schools.

We are not English-conscientious. If we were, we would take heed of the way we talk and correct ourselves. But as we aren't, it's up to the English teachers to give us more English.

There is not enough English grammar taught in a senior high English course, as those who have graduated and are making their way in the business world could tell us.

We don't appreciate the English language as we should. In fact, we murder it more than once. We should go into an English class with the feeling that it is something that will help us every day of our life and not as though it were a necessary evil, something that we must pass in order to graduate.

John Wilkinson, '46

SPORT?

Can you define the word sport? To witness a football game one would think it meant juvenile slaughter. I had been educated to believe sports were introduced into high schools to help teach fair play and fair competition. But at a recent football game my opinions were drastically shattered. Both teams were lined up for the kick off and suddenly shouts arose from the teams. Shouts like, "Murder 16" or "Get the tackler." It was more like a jail-break than a kick off. If this is a form of fair play, then I doubt if it will ever be very popular. Boys who are inclined to think along those lines are called criminals, yet boys in high schools call them sports. If anticipation of victory causes such outbursts and causes boys to visit opponents' towns to wreak damage, then sports should be limited to classes of the school until pupils are able to determine the true meaning of sportsmanship. After all, is football a crime or a sport? Sport? Then let's make it one.

Barbara Stewart, '47

CAN WE CHANGE OUR SCHOOL SPIRIT?

I think almost everyone will agree that a change is needed. That change has to come about soon, or else social functions at J. H. S. will hit rock bot-

tom. In the eyes of a seemingly contented majority, the dances here go off rather well. Half of that majority is undoubtedly the twenty or thirty students who are happy just to sit by and watch, and the other half is the part of the school that never goes anyway. There is not one person in this school, I think, who at one time or another hasn't said, "What a crummy dance that was." It's up to us to change this.

What is school spirit, anyway? Well, it is a deep and sincere enthusiasm for whatever we attempt to do. And that, dear people, is sadly lacking here. If we are all contented to sit back and watch others do the planning, then, of course, nothing can be done about it. We have no right to criticize a dance if we took no part in the planning and functioning of the affair. So, come on, kids, let's all pitch in and help this year and change our school spirit for the better. Shirley Kelly, '46

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED TO —

To the students of J. H. S. this has been changed from a slogan to a reality. The change comes in the form of an improved café, and a long awaited lunch room.

The first day back found groups of students gathered around our café and the former room two. What was the cause of such excitement? Why, it was something new! We now had a lunch room in which we could sit at tables and have home cooked meals at extremely low cost. We had our choice of many foods, all of which were equally inviting, and soon the word spread like wildfire.

Of course, there have been other

new things added to our school during the summer, but I think the one affecting us students most is the lunch room itself. Let's show our appreciation by being careful to always return our empty trays, by keeping fairly moderate tones while using the lunch room, by sharing tables and leaving the room in as orderly a condition as we found it. Perhaps if we take care of one new thing, others will follow. Barbara Cochrane, '46

SCHOOL SPIRIT

The term "school spirit" does not apply only to cheering loudly at football games, smearing "Johnson" in big letters on the pad of yellow paper, or entering into heated arguments with students from Punchard, Methuen and Lawrence.

It is a combination of many actions for the benefit of the school. For instance, how many students enter, of their own free will, into class discussions? How many act quietly and politely with their classmates and teachers? When the office or cafeteria calls for help, how many offer their services? Do we all go to the school dances and dance, enter prize-speaking contests, and do all we can to support the Athletic Association?

On our national front now, there is the question of continuing the draft for two more years. Many people say, "No — the American people will volunteer." Will we volunteer to enter into our school activities? We can't be drafted! It sounds absurd to compare the Army with school, but if we can't support our own school, with which we are directly connected, how can we learn to do differently and on a much larger scale later on?

June Ingram, '46



ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS

"Oh, I'm so sick of school," complained Peg Brown to her chum, one particularly gloomy day. "We should have a holiday. We've been going for so long."

"Well, why not?" suggested her chum. "Let's take one."

"You — you mean skip?" she queried in a shocked tone.

"Sure!"

"Say, I think maybe that would be fun. What have we got to lose, anyway? Let's skip."

And so they embarked on a seemingly exciting adventure. They soon found it wasn't as exciting as it first appeared. Walking around the deserted streets of a small country town was exceedingly dull, especially in the morning, and the afternoon would have been equally as dull, had they not decided to go to a movie.

But neither one would admit that the day out of school had been a failure. Oh, no!

"Skipping school was loads of fun, wasn't it?" they asked each other.

"Hm-m," the other always agreed.

The next day, however, they began to grow a little doubtful of this, when the principal gruffly summoned them to his office.

It seemed the truant officer had decided to pay a few calls while they were out. So today and tomorrow and the day after tomorrow and the day after that, we find them sitting in detention for "you know what."

Thus they learned the hard way that "All that glitters is not gold!"

Anna J. Miller, '47

LITERARY

UNITED GENIUS

The audience in Boston's beautiful Symphony Hall buzzes and hums as audiences have a way of doing. All eyes are turned toward the four grand pianos, looking somehow small in the gigantic, gilt picture-frame stage. Four gentlemen in "tails" enter and take their places at the keyboards. There is a hush as the four gentlemen nod and look at each other expectantly. Then, as though they were connected to a single brain, forty of the world's nimblest fingers fly into action. You are now hearing the only piano quartet in existence. All through the concert you sit rapt in the music of the composers who have captured the emotions of the entire world within their magic manuscripts. But it takes the genius of these men, Vladimir Padwa from Russia, Frank Mittler from Austria, Adam Garner from Poland and Edward Edson from our own United States, men of all the world, to set this magic free. Democracy has done it again.

Arthur Terret, '46

AN UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE

Eight months ago a crew of men, including my brother Bob, flew on a mission over Germany. The mission was successful until they reached England many miles from where they were to land. It was hailing and extremely cold. It was so cold that the controls in the airplane stiffly froze.

The orders came through the microphone, "Bail out, men, the controls have frozen." In the order in which they were to leave, Bob was to be

next to the last. The pilot was to be last. This time Bob was last. When he bailed out, the plane was in a tailspin. The plane went roaring down. It crashed to the ground with Andy aboard. They only found parts of his arms and legs. He was a great fellow and an expert pilot. He died to save his crew.

When they arrived back at the base, they found the ground mechanic crying. He reviewed his conversation with Andy. Andy asked, "Plane all right?"

"O. K., but wait until you're up a few thousand feet," replied the mechanic. They comforted him the best they could, but they were sobbing, too. Jean Anderson was a great fellow. They will never forget.

Vera Sullivan, '49

A NEWSBOY

"Papers! Papers!" was the cry I heard as I turned the corner to enter the large department store. Standing near the curbstone was the owner of the small squeaky voice. With his dingy cap on the side of his head, he looked like a gangster out of the movies. His brown curly hair was badly in need of a haircut. His small baby-like face was beaming with joy as he sold his last paper. He had large sky-blue eyes that looked like saucers, a small pug nose, and a large red mouth. His hands and face could have stood a good scrubbing. In his white shirt, with spots of black here and there, he resembled someone who had been working in a coal yard. He had a shabby old jacket that needed patches. His pants were baggy in the knees and they also needed patches. He had gaudy striped stockings on and old dull black shoes which needed to be fixed. I watched him as he marched merrily away with his paper money jingling in his pocket.

Mary Curley, '47

THE MANSION IN THE FOREST

After falling painfully and rather awkwardly from Star, Rusty picked herself up and limpingly tried to restore her equilibrium. She was bruised and battered, but her real injury appeared to be her left hand. She looked at it speculatively and observed that the thumb was badly sprained and swollen. Star was racing away, waiting for no one mortal. He was a quiet horse, but a rabbit had shattered his quietude and he had bounded away so rapidly that she was thrown bodily.

She glanced around at her surroundings and gasped at the beauty that had escaped her previously. The trees were slightly bare and every lovely color that anyone could imagine possible was in the breathtaking autumn leaves that were lying artistically as though someone had placed them very artfully together with the pine needles and the brush to make an intricate, intriguing pattern on the soft springy corduroy road. Tiny forest creatures were gazing at her curiously, and scampering about, obviously unafraid of their unexpected caller.

The golden sunlight suddenly gleamed through an opening which revealed the nature of the awe-inspiring discovery she had made. A mansion, one which one could only hope ever to behold, loomed up before her. Its towers and gables sparkled and glittered in the radiant sunlight. Its myriads of windows glared down at her as though to inquire whether or not she was worthy enough to eye such magnificent splendor as this. Rose arbors climbed up all the balconies overhanging a few windows, which were presumably inhabited by the ladies of the manor. The road entrance extended as far as the eye could see. The precisely kept lawns bordered the walls and in the

distance stables were seen which undoubtedly housed the most spirited of horses groomed to the point of fastidiousness. No sound came forth from the building, and though the mansion appeared to be thoroughly furnished, it was apparently deserted. One could look in the lowest windows and see halls and spacious rooms which were embellished in the finest of mahogany and colonial style, and many musical instruments, which were used to entertain their honored guests. One could only imagine affairs when fully bedecked ladies with every flounce and ruffle, and, of course, jeweled to the utmost perfection, accompanied by their equally debonair escorts, danced, while wonderful feasts were served on the tables, and levity prevailed during the evening. Since one can only imagine such events, it is best that one moves on and tries to forget what one has seen. Rusty reluctantly resumed her journey. Louise R. Consoli, '48

AT THE MEAT MARKET

One day when meat was even more scarce than it is now, I went to the city with my mother. As we entered a meat market we overheard two women quarreling over a piece of ham. The storekeeper put in a good word now and then.

The following is an account of the argument. I shall describe them as the lady with the blue hat and the lady with the brown hat.

"I was here first."

"You were not."

"Yes, I was."

"Oh, no. I didn't see you when I entered."

"I was over there by the corner."

"Well, I want this meat."

"Come, come, ladies."

"Oh, you keep out of this," commanded the lady with the brown hat.

"If you had any sense you'd let me have this meat," said the lady with the blue hat, heatedly.

"I'll not take that talk," cried the storekeeper. "I'll give the ham to Mrs. Thompson. She wants some meat to use in sandwiches for her lawn party."

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

"If you ladies come in on Wednesday, I may have a piece of meat for both of you."

"I suppose I will."

"Me, too."

So they left the store, each eyeing the other just as if they were two cats.

When they had gone, the storekeeper turned to my mother to tell her he had no meat.

Constance Chadwick, '49

MY NOTEBOOK

Here is one more contribution to you, my Notebook, one more weary notation demanded by an exacting teacher. I must repair you soon, old friend, for your binding is sadly frayed, and its red hue is so mixed with the black of your cover that the resulting smear reminds me of the jelly stain on little brother's white shirt. Your once silvery rings are hopelessly rusted and will not preserve a connection. You are very wise, however, for you are brimming over with the things I am supposed to know: trigonometric theorems, Latin prose sheets, English notes, information about Columbus, John Smith, and other old fellows. You offer, also, facts about Beowulf and Chaucer, ballads, and metrical romances. Numerous drawings, here and there, of triangle BCA proclaim my anxiety regarding an impending quiz in trigonometry. On the inside of the cover I announce in bold letters my name and home room, my telephone number, and in the same

place are some shorthand notes I can no longer read. You are stained in various places with blots, indications of my need of a new fountain pen, and altogether you are certainly no beauty, old Notebook.

It is said that a person's character is reflected in his belongings. If this is so, may I never lose you, Notebook, for what you can tell is not for the world to know. William Torrey, '46

WINTER SIGHT-SEEING

One cheery day in mid-winter Dad suggested to Mother that they take a drive to see how the countryside looked covered with snow.

Mother and Dad were earnestly observing the lovely scenery when suddenly, without the slightest premonition, they found themselves in a ditch at the roadside.

Well, Dad used every possible method he could think of to get the car out. Not having any equipment, he displaced the license plate and used it for a shovel. This didn't work so well, so he tried using his bare hands. Poor Dad's efforts were all in vain, however, so Mom and he commenced walking to the nearest farmhouse, which was over a mile away, to summon help on the telephone.

As they were waiting for help to arrive, the school bus came by and the driver generously offered to hoist the car out. Alas and alack, circumstances became more complicated; the bus also got stuck in the ditch.

Dad and the driver made more attempts to dislodge the vehicles but they didn't accomplish much, probably because they did more arguing than work.

Finally another car came by with four young men in it. They observed the state of affairs, and one of them remarked, "The car is just a Ford. I guess we can lift it out." And surely enough they did, just as if it were a

toy machine! After they had accomplished this feat they succeeded in hoisting the bus out, much to the driver's content.

Incidentally, I haven't heard Dad saying anything about winter sight-seeing since that eventful time.

Marie Galvagna, '48

BOX-CAR JOE

The freight train came to a stop and from one of the box-cars came a queer looking man. He was a short, stocky man, with a rosy complexion, gray hair, eyes like marbles, and a chin like a bulldog's, and he held his head to one side. His trousers were wrinkled and baggy, his coat had a large three-cornered tear on the sleeve, but a flower, of all things, was in his button hole. He had a bright red necktie on, and his toes were protruding from his shoes. He took off his battered brown felt hat, dusted it, and setting it on his head, sauntered off down the street.

Richard Cunningham, '47

A DISILLUSION

How exciting everything sounded. Cowboys and guns. Large ranches and small village stores. Vast stretches of land and cattle thieves. Poses and hangings.

The train came to a slow screeching stop. I found myself walking through a huge railway station, not a tiny black junction. I observed towering buildings, electric signs, and ordinary civilized people.

As I involuntarily drifted toward the motionless train, I heard the familiar voice of my sister-in-law.

No! This couldn't be Texas. I had read stories, heard people talk of it, seen movies.

Half an hour later I left the station, fully satisfied that I was in Dallas and people were civilized.

Arlene Donnelly, '46

YOU LOOK LONESOME, SOLDIER

This story was told to me by a soldier. It happened to him on the train going from Boston to New York.

At Boston a very attractive girl sat down beside him. He didn't pay any attention to her, but just kept looking out of the window. When the train pulled into Providence she arose, and asked him if he would like to read a magazine. He thanked her and said he would like to very much.

As the train rolled on he settled back to read the magazine. As he looked through it he saw a book mark. He opened to where it was and saw a white envelope. He opened it and saw a \$2.00 bill and words, "You look lonesome, buy yourself something." Martha Kane, '49

DOG DAYS AT THE LAKE

While vacationing in the mountains one year with my family and pet dog, Chummy, one of our main sources of entertainment was swimming. There was one flaw the first time we went, though. Chummy didn't seem to be very fond of the water, so of course, that called for prompt coaxing on my part, which proved to be unsuccessful. I'd get her down to the water's edge, but as soon as her feet would come in contact with the water she'd dash away, so I left her to herself to do as she wished.

After some time, I looked to the spot where I'd seen her last, but she wasn't anywhere in sight. Just as I was about to go and look for her because I was afraid she'd get into some mischief, I felt a funny, unfamiliar nudge and there she was swimming around and having the time of her life.

By the time our vacation was over, the fish and the frogs in the lake were very unhappy because she spent most of her time chasing them.

June Schmottlach, '48

A FISHING EXPERIENCE

One day, while I was walking on the shore of the lake, I spotted some bass. Not having my fishing tackle with me, I picked up some shore line and caught a skyhook. Now all I needed was the bait. I went to a house near by and borrowed a left-handed monkey wrench, and knocked out a crayfish. I then threw the hook, with the crayfish on it, in the water. Being very hungry, a big bass swallowed the crayfish, skyhook and all. I didn't have much time, so I asked the bass to wait a minute, which it did. I then went and borrowed the monkey wrench again and knocked the bass out. While weighing the five-pound bass on some scales I borrowed from a passing pickerel, I remembered that it was out of season, so I had to throw it back.

William Carter, '47

HELPFUL ME

One day I decided to help my father in the garden. He sent me down to the south corner of our land to plant a pumpkin patch. The weather was extremely hot, and the rows seemed endless. Before the job was half done my arms and shoulders ached painfully, but I worked on. Finally, when I could do no more, I went to rest at the end of the garden under a large maple tree. As I sat resting, I began to wonder just why we needed such a large pumpkin patch. Weren't there other pies just as good as or even better than pumpkin pie? Convincing myself that it was foolish to plant any more seeds, I dug a hole and dropped the remainder of the seeds in. Two weeks later my father inspected the pumpkins. That night at the supper table he told the family what he had found. He said that the seed had failed to come up in the three rows on the south side of the patch, but there was a fine patch of

pumpkins over by an old log at the edge of the patch. Everybody looked at me and laughed. Needless to say, I failed to enjoy that joke.

Shirley Pendlebury, '46

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT?

It was a wonderful night for adventure. The large harvest moon was shining down upon the corn stalks as they stood in long, gaunt rows, crazily flapping in the wind. As I hurried through the field, I was brought to a sudden stop. One of the corn stalks, in fact, the tallest of them all, stepped from its roots and glided in front of me, beckoning for me to follow it. I hesitated, but was reassured by the fact that this was the night when spirits roamed the earth, unhindered by mortals.

We floated through the air as lightly as a feather, then suddenly dropped into a pumpkin field, which was the goblin's den.

The field was a curious sight. All the leering faces of the pumpkins looked grotesque in the moonlight.

"Form in line, my friends," the cornstalk ordered. "We shall march to capture the Witch."

From all corners of the field they rose en masse. Then suddenly, a Blue Hubbard squash cried out, "The Witch! The Witch is upon us!"

Suddenly from out of the sky a queer, old, wrinkled woman descended, riding her broomstick, with hundreds of squealing, black cats for a bodyguard. The pumpkins ran for cover in all directions. I looked wildly around for protection, then leaped for the broomstick, hopping on behind the Witch.

"Heh! Heh! Heh!" the old Witch cackled. "Scaredy cats, that's what they are, all of 'em."

It was much more comfortable riding the broomstick than climbing to the wavering cornstalk. This was going to be fun, I decided, with one

black cat on my shoulder and another in my lap.

On that ride I learned many queer facts about the rivalry between the goblins and the Witch, and how they "fight it out" each year on Halloween.

Soon we descended in the old corn field, which was now cold, dark, and uninviting. Shivering, I bid good-bye to the Witch, and thanked her for the ride.

Her last words to me were, "See you next Halloween. Same time, same place, but a new adventure."

Justine Fitzgerald, '49

IMPRESSIONABLE

High school students are distinctly faddists. It's seldom that a trend comes along that they don't pounce upon it like a cat on a mouse and happily plague it to death. Somewhere, somehow, some poor unfortunate girl, for lack of something better, was forced to wear her brother's jacket. From then on Brother's jacket has disappeared from closets all over the country. Some practical mother out bargain hunting came upon a marvel of a sweater for Susie. Such a bargain, too; a dollar ninety-eight marked down from four dollars! So what if it was three sizes too large for her? It might shrink. But when Susie very reluctantly wore it to school, her classmates gurgled, "How cute!" and now no sweater is big enough for Miss Senior High.

It's not always the fashions in clothes and it's not only the girls who pick up these peculiar habits. A recent radio program found one of our leading comedians ejaculating, "Hubba-hubba!" The next day our school corridors sounded like a turkey farm. You'd see Tom, say, "Hi," and "Hubba-hubba!" would be thrown back at you. Previous to that it was "Joe Kemm." At first it was

only to questions of "Who done it?" that you'd receive "Joe Kemm" for an answer, but when this synthetic character began to take the place of weather, food, clothes, dances, music and what not, well, it was just too much for the little man and he died of overwork. And so it goes; yesterday it was "Sloppy Joe" sweaters and "Joe Kemm"; today it's big brother's jacket and "Hubba-hubba"; what will tomorrow bring? Gloria Bottai, '46

SAVED BY THE BELL

He expected to be called on to recite at any moment. As he cowered and slumped in his seat, tiny beads of perspiration trickled down the side of his face. Why—why—why hadn't he studied last night? He knew that he would be called on today. But he couldn't study last night, he just had to call Betty, and then when she had invited him over to her party for a while — but he mustn't think about that now. The teacher was almost up to him. Al, Jane, Betty, Ellen, Smitty, Phil and then the axe of doom would fall. Maybe the bell would ring. Please, God, just save me this once, and I'll study my history for five hours every night. Heavens, she's calling on Betty already, only three more. She'll probably run out of questions before she gets to me, or maybe the period will end. Let's see, twelve more minutes, but you never can tell whether or not these darned school clocks are right. They all have a different time. I'll just sneak a look in the book the next time she turns around and I might find a few of the answers. Easy now, just one look, that's all you'll have time for. Hey, who's poking me? Oh! A note from Betty. Well, I haven't got time to read it now. This is my last chance, she's up to Phil. I wish Betty would stop looking at me like that. Oh, well,

maybe I'll have time to read the first line of her note and then look at the answers. Bring-ing-bring. The bell! Holy smoke! I'm saved. I'm a free man again. I'll tell you one thing, that's the last time that I'll neglect my history. Boy, that was close! Another minute and — oh! I almost forgot Betty's note. Well, for Heaven's sake, that's right, I promised to take Betty on the hayride tonight. If I do my algebra when I get home from scrimmage, I'll have the first fifteen minutes tomorrow morning to copy Don's algebra, and then in the spare before lunch I can look over my English and French; but what about my history? Oh, heck! I guess I can manage to look it over before the class starts. Anyway, tomorrow's Friday and that's practically the beginning of the weekend. What do those teachers think we are anyway? I can't do everything, can I? What's that? Pick you up at seven o'clock tonight? Oh, sure, Betty, I'll be there on the dot.

Blanche Turner, '46

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

As I entered "Joe's Toy Shop" to do my last-minute Christmas shopping, a short, middle-aged woman came bursting out. She looked at me and shouted in a loud, excited tone, "If I were you I wouldn't go in there; you'll never be attended to," and she stamped away. I paid no attention to her advice, but pushed my way through the crowd of tired people loaded down with large, brightly colored bundles. As I neared the busy counter, a small boy on a cart whizzed by me, rang a bell, and cried, "Beep! Beep!" Once again I attempted to reach the counter, and finally after much struggling I succeeded. A short, plump store clerk ran back and forth from one customer to another, wiping the perspiration from

his forehead. Excited customers were banging their fists on the counter, and yelling at the exhausted store clerk. Cash registers were ringing and banging constantly. Finally I was waited on, and once again I made my way toward the jammed door. One big heave and I was out on the street on my way home after a hard shopping day.

Dolores Legare, '47

MIXED-UP AFFAIR

It all started with Dick's dancing with that fabulous blonde, Shera Cronin, reflected Jean dreamily.

She was standing in that part of the hall which is reserved chiefly for the hopeful stagliners. The girls had all told her at school, yesterday, that Shera was after her man. Now she was seeing the miserable proof of it; for there were Shera and Dick dancing right by her—and he didn't even glance at her.

She blinked her eyes and looked again at the attractive couple. "It's he, all right," she murmured. "And he said he'd never fall for a blonde." But Shera was something special, something like a butterscotch sundae with twice as much gooey stuff.

She couldn't help biting her lips, she always did that when she was under any kind of emotional strain. That's what she called it, although she didn't know whether it was anger, jealousy or simply just pity. She decided that it was a mixture of all three.

She wasn't left with her sorrow very long, before she felt a hand on her shoulder and a voice saying. "May I have this dance?"

She looked up and hoped desperately that her face didn't show her astonishment, for the fellow was none other than the smoothest of smoothies the school could afford, Tom Ford. "What's this all about? He's sup-

posed to be crazy about Shera," she wondered.

"Why the frown?" he asked. "Do I dance that badly?"

"You just want me to say how smooth you dance," she laughed.

"Well—maybe, but you still haven't answered my question," he teased.

"Well you asked for it. I was wondering why you aren't dancing with Shera."

"That makes me ask why you aren't dancing with Dick." At this they both laughed and left the questions unanswered.

Just then Shera and Dick danced by and the laughing stopped as abruptly as it had begun. Both knew that the other would rather be dancing with their old partners. Then somebody cut in on them and Jean was dancing with Red Thompson. Jean had always liked Red and she was glad when he received the S. A. R. of their class.

Too soon somebody else was cutting in. It was Dick—

"Go away, goon," she heard herself saying against her wishes.

"I can explain 'angel' if you'd only let me."

She smiled at Red, then turned to Dick and said, "It had better be good, big boy." But to herself she thought—"What can a gal do when a fellow uses that sick dog expression?"

Then he went through a long explanation of how and why he happened to be dancing with Shera.

"You see, sugar-puss, it's like this—Shera had a quarrel with Tom and she wanted somebody to take her to the dance—I was the goat. But I wanted the gas stamp she was throwing into the bargain, so I could take you to the prom—so then you were the goat—."

Jean smiled up at him and whispered into his ear, "I'm just beginning to enjoy myself—you brute."

Elinor Gaudet, '46



POETRY

WHEN A STAR'S A STAR

When you're not here,
 So far away,
 I miss you more and more
 Each day.—
 I cry a little,
 Think a lot,
 And wonder if you do
 Or not,
 And when I look up
 In the sky,
 And wish upon a star
 So high,
 It blinks and wonders
 Where you are,
 But all it is — is
 Just a star.
 It doesn't sparkle
 Quick and bright;
 It's waiting for a
 Certain night.
 A certain night when
 There'll be two
 To wish upon it,
 Me and you.
 It's just a star — no
 Diamond stone,
 Because it knows
 I'm all alone.
 It knows there's only one
 To dream,
 Remember whispered words
 That seem
 So simple, yet, they meant
 So much
 When said so soft our lips
 Would touch;
 So quiet that there are
 Only three
 Who know — a star and
 You and me.

A star that was so
 Special then
 Is just a star 'til
 That time when
 We wish upon,
 Just you and I,
 Our special diamond
 In the sky.

Audrey Ferrin, '46

IN THE COUNTRY

I like to live in the country,
 Where there's room to move
 around,
 Where the meadows and fields and the
 forests
 Are close by to be found.
 With its clear, blue sky and its clean,
 fresh air,
 And trees and flowers everywhere.

It's nice to live in the city,
 If you like it, I suppose.
 It has its many advantages,
 As everybody knows.
 But I'd still rather live in the country,
 As I have said before,
 Because to me the country seems
 To offer so much more.

Jacqueline Meserve, '49

NAVY FLYER'S PRAYER

I'm on my way towards battle;
 God bring me back, I pray.
 To fly for what is freedom,
 To fly home again some day.
 I'm almost at the enemy,
 With guns firing high.
 Hope, to bring peace to many,
 A final victory is nigh.
 I'm closing in with courage strong,

With many a wish on every bomb.
 I know that soon I'll be flying home;
 It's a long, long way across the foam.
 But happy as I'll be,
 For my fellow flyers and me,
 There'll be sadness for our dead
 Buddies;
 God rest their souls.

Evelyn Baril, '49

HIGH SCHOOL FADS

A year ago the styles were these,
 Father's shirt and dungarees,
 Saddle shoes and sloppy socks.
 Mother said, "Style's on the rocks!"

Fancy frills were just passé.
 Neatness wasn't a thing of the day.
 To be feminine was out of style;
 We dressed like boys all the while.

But fads have changed and now we
 wear
 Pretty flowers in our hair.
 Ruffles and skirts are here once more,
 So goes this tale of now and yore.

Changing fads shall ever be
 A tale of woe and despair for me.

I can't figure out how I should dress--
 Nice and neat, or be a mess.

June Davis, '46

DISAPPOINTED

The schoolroom desks were silent,
 As though struck by a magic spell,
 Away from the rain so violent,
 Waiting for the no-school bell.

For all night long it had been pelting,
 And they happily awaited the day,
 For a rest from the kicking and
 welting
 Of children's abusing ways.

The books were standing in a row,
 Too tired to be alarmed,
 For it didn't seem possible, you know,
 To be left for a day unharmed.

It was time to listen for the no-school
 bell,
 And tension filled the room,
 But when nothing came, a silence fell,
 Like a carpet of sadness and gloom.

The desks all stood in sadness,
 For it wasn't to be their way,
 Abandoned their joy and gladness,
 And began another day.

Mary Finn, '49



CHATTER

HIGHEST HONOR STUDENTS

Five Honors: Mary Finn, Justine Fitzgerald, Cornelis Heijn, Mary Hickey, Florence O'Keefe.

Four Honors: Gloria Bottai, Louise Consoli, Dorothy Dushame, Eleanor George, James Greenler, Philip Greenler, Janet Knightly, Anna Miller, Rita Mulchahey.

NEW TEACHERS

"Something new has been added to our teaching staff!"

First we have Miss Madeline Gillen who is very popular with all the students because of her work in helping them to choose their vocations. She is our new Vocational Guidance Director and teacher of Junior Business Training. She attended the University of Maine, majoring in English and Dramatics, the Rhode Island College of Education, Brown University, receiving her M.A. degree at Boston University, and Columbia University.

Her previous teaching has been at Maine, Rhode Island and Danbury High School in Connecticut, where she was Dean of Girls for four years. She was also an Assistant in the Student Counseling Department at Boston University.

Next we have Miss Ruth Callanan, who graduated with an A.B. degree from Boston University, where she majored in English and history. Here at Johnson she is teaching Algebra and English.

We welcome both teachers to Johnson.

We have a new Music Supervisor this year, Miss Betty James, who is

well-known to many of the students.

Also welcomed back is Miss Charlotte Howe, who has returned to Johnson after three years. S. A. K.

CLASS OFFICERS

FRESHMAN

President — Fred C. Soucy

Vice President — Marjorie Schofield

Secretary — Mary Finn

SOPHOMORE

President — Peter White

Vice President — Joseph Guthrie

Secretary — Virginia Gaudet

JUNIOR

President — Herb Wild

Vice President — Vincent Lambert

Secretary — George Stewart

SENIOR

President — Nick Evangelos

Vice President — Phil Long

Secretary — Howard Doherty

Question: What would you do if we had a three-day school week?

Seniors:

P. Long: I'd sleep the remaining two.

J. Davis: I'd spend the extra two wishing we didn't have three.

Juniors:

J. Gilman: I'd play hookey!

H. Wild: I'd go hunting the other two days.

Sophomores:

E. Mitchell: I'd have more time to earn money.

P. White: I wouldn't do much of anything.

Freshmen:

R. Davis: I'd loaf the other two.

D. Farrow: I would spend much time going to games.

A NEW SOCIAL LIFE FOR JOHNSON

Under the consideration and planning of our Room Representatives, a new set of dances and variety in entertainment is on the Social Calendar for Johnson. The first of these dances turned out surprisingly well. This was Stunt Night, formerly called the Freshman-Senior dance. It was initiated by a group of Senior girls. They presented their ideas to Mr. Hayes, who passed them on to the Room Representatives. Hence, the origin of our own Stunt Night.

Now for the highlights of this event. All four classes participated and two stunts were presented by each class, excepting the Freshmen and Senior classes. The latter only presented one stunt, that being the girls, but the Freshmen combined both boys and girls and put on a most enjoyable stunt. The winners were the Sophomore and Junior girls. Much time and preparation were spent on the various acts, and all were entertaining. Miss Donlan and Miss Cook acted as advisers. Credit goes to all the classes for their magnificent cooperation and willingness to work. Refreshments were served later and dancing was held after the stunts.

The outcome of Stunt Night proves that the students at Johnson have the gumption if they will only use it.

S. A. K.

CAFETERIA

It was the first day of school and the corridors were flooded with smiling faces, plaid skirts, loafers and blinding ties. The lips of every student voiced the same thought, a new cafeteria!

The former lunch room, which was small and unable to accomodate the student body, had been reconverted

into a kitchen. Peeking through the door into room four, we stared and grinned—J. H. S. had a new dining room!

Since the opening of school the majority of students have been purchasing hot lunches which are prepared under the capable Mrs. Clara Richards. Although very appetizing, sufficient amount of calories and vitamins are calculated to correspond with that needed by the average high school student.

We, the students, thank you, the School Committee, and you, Mrs. Richards.

E. M. M.

CHIEF NA-DA-BEH

The assembly hall was filled with the cheery faces of all students. They awaited the appearance of Chief Na-Da-Beh, whom they knew only as the reason for their being excused from the seventh period.

Clothing typical of an Indian Chief he wore. This consisted of an unbelievably beautiful white beaded jacket and trousers appliqued with red and green leaves. A feather head-dress unlike anything most of us had ever seen was perched precariously upon his head.

Not realizing that he could be as cultured as any intelligent white man, the audience was quite stunned when, instead of the usual "ugh", he stated how convenient it was for there to be a microphone for his use.

During the forty-minute period Chief Na-Da-Beh performed a war dance typical of his tribe, the Penobscot.

Although thoroughly amusing, the lecture revealed startling facts about our never-to-be-forgotten Indians.

E. M. M.

FOOTBALL

THE LINE-UP

le, Skinner
 lt, Gosselin
 lg, Wilkinson, Co-Captain
 c, Weigel
 rg, Soucy
 rt, Shottes
 re, McKee
 backs
 Evangelos, Co-Captain
 Cyr
 Mitchell
 Giaquinta
 Long
 Vincent

The football team, although it had a bit of bad luck at the start of the season, is now showing us that it can really play football.

In the first game of the season we suffered a defeat of 14-6 at the hands of a mighty Reading team. Until the last three minutes of the game there was no score. Outstanding in this game were Co-Captain Nickie Evan-

gelos, Bob Mitchell and Tom Giaquinta.

The second game we met a powerful and heavy Tewksbury team and again we were overpowered, this time, 12-6. With the three stars of the first game and Co-Captain Wilkinson, we put up a grand game of ball.

The following week we traveled down to St. John's at Danvers. The team played a good game, with Co-Captain Evangelos outstanding.

On Columbus Day morning (a wet one, at that) we met our fourth defeat of the season, by losing in a tough game to Methuen. It really was a heart-breaker, because we outplayed them all through the game. Bob Mitchell and Nickie Evangelos starred on the offense, and the whole team played well. The final score was 13-7.

The following Saturday we traveled to Manchester West, where we held the opposing team to a 6-6 deadlock. All deserve credit for playing a swell game.

When we met our home-town rivals, Brooks, we turned them down by a score of 13-6. Buddy Cyr and Co-Captain Evangelos played wonderful football.

The next week we met Concord, Mass., on their own home field. After a rainy second half, we came home victorious, with a score of 6-0, with Buddy Cyr plunging forward for the touchdown.

On the 10th of November we traveled to Ipswich, where we blanked their eleven by a score of 33 to 0. We tallied in every period but the third, where the losers only threatened once,



and that was thrown back on the five-yard line.

Touchdowns were scored by Cyr (2), Mitchell (2), and Gus Weigel, who intercepted a pass and ran 65 yards for the final touchdown.

However, this game was a costly win for us, because it resulted in the loss of Co-Captain Wilkinson, who received a dislocated collar-bone after playing such a brilliant season.

The big Thanksgiving day event was postponed until the following Saturday because of a heavy downpour which ruined the grounds. On the following Saturday we traveled to Punchard and became the fifth Johnson team to overpower a favored Punchard line. The happiest moment of our lives was when the final whistle blew, and the umpire announced that the mud-fought struggle had ended.

With the combined starring of Mitchell and Co-Captain Evangelos, we went home the victors with a cheering score of 7-6.

This year ended in a glory of success because of our hard playing. Here's hoping that next year's team will have an even better year than we have had.

MITCHELL ELECTED CAPTAIN OF '46

Bob Mitchell, star left halfback and suburban high scorer, was unanimously elected captain of the 1946 football team. We're all wishing you the best of luck, Bob.

McKee: "Miss Buckley, have you heard the joke about the glass horse?"

Miss Buckley: "No."

McKee: "Well, anyone could see through that one."



EXCHANGES

"The Lawrencian"

Lawrence High School,
Lawrence, Mass.,

This paper is well-planned. The personal news of the school is excellent. "Lest We Forget" and "Politeness" are well done. Keep up the good work!

"The Brown and Gold"

Haverhill High School,
Haverhill, Mass.

Your personal news is excellent. The paper is well arranged. The editorial, "Team, Yea, Team!" is very good. Why not more editorials?

"The Reflector"

Central Junior High School,
Saginaw, Michigan

You have an excellent variety of literature, humor, and sporting accounts. From the accounts of your activities, it appears that you lead a very busy life. Your editorials, "Expression" and "How Not To Do Homework," are exceptionally good.

Helena Saunders, '46



JOKES

"Where have you been all morning?" bellowed the mess sergeant, spotting the recalcitrant rookie.

"Filling them salt shakers like you told me to, Sarg," answered the soldier innocently.

"What took you so long?"

"Well, it ain't so easy pouring the salt through them little holes."

Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Kelly were comparing family trees.

"Have ye any ancestors, Mrs. Kelly?" asked Mrs. O'Brien.

"An' what's ancestors?" asked Mrs. Kelly.

"People ye've sprung from, of course."

"Mrs. O'Brien," said Mrs. Kelly hotly, "I come from the old stock of Donahues, that spring from nobody. They spring *at* them."

Walking into a tobacco shop, the man asked, "Have you got any cigarettes today?"

"No," replied the clerk.

"Any cigars?"

Again the answer was no.

"I don't suppose you have any chewing gum."

"No."

"Well," persisted the customer, "what have you got?"

"A headache — and you can have that!"

We are indebted to current newspapers, magazines, and radio programs for our jokes.

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